

Proving Grounds

by BKTiel

Category: Halo
Genre: Humor, Sci-Fi
Language: English
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2012-12-04 16:14:26
Updated: 2012-12-04 16:14:26
Packaged: 2016-04-27 03:53:52
Rating: T
Chapters: 1
Words: 791
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: Rated T for mild language.

Proving Grounds

****Hey there! First story, would really appreciate any feedback after this first chapter. Thanks :)****

It had started like an alright enough day. The same uniform, the same breakfast, the same routine. So how did this manage to happen? Private Nolan Winchester pondered as he slowly grappled the floor in an attempt at forward movement behind what remained of Camp Detroit and the cover the stray shards of UNSC emblazoned steel provided.

"Lotta good this did us." He said under his breath, wincing as one of the wide chips of metal he hid behind momentarily became superheated under the stress of Covenant plasma.

What were they shooting at, anyway? Most of the battalion were already dead, or soon would be. The alien invaders did not take prisoners. A few pockets of resistance remained through the makeshift trenches, but none of them made their stand anywhere near his position on the blackened soil. Which meantâ€|

"Oh, shit."

The Marine yelled as he heard the distinct snapping hiss of a plasma blade being activated behind him. He quickly turned over, bringing his rifle to bear on the alien son of a bitchâ€|laughing? At him?

"I'll show you something to laugh about, bastard." Nolan said, not caring about stealth anymore.

MA5C slugs exploded out of the barrel, making swift headway into the Elite's abdomen. The Sangheili chuckled as the bullets merely bounced

off the shields generated by its red armor until the gun emitted a depressing click.

Winchester fumbled to load another clip into the weapon, but it was too late. He felt himself being lifted into the air, and looked as his aggressor's face contorted into an expression of disdain.

"This weapon was not intended for use at such range." It said, mandibles clicking in annoyance.

With that, the Elite threw the Marine to the ground and deactivated the sword in one fluid motion. Nolan stood up shakily, looking suspiciously at the Sangheili impatiently tapping its hoof on the ground. His rifle was behind him, but it had no clips. The pistol attached to his belt was in the same situation. And of course, his bloody combat knife was probably still in what was remained of the armory. While Winchester considered his options, a fist suddenly connected to the thin armor plating protecting his gut, knocking the wind out of him. He collapsed to his knees, gasping for air.

"Surely you can do better." The voice came from above.

Nolan clenched his teeth as he stood up. This smug alien piece of-

His thoughts were interrupted by another punch aimed at the same area, but he managed to twist out of the way, just barely. He looked at the Elite as it smoothly retracted its fist from the empty air Nolan's abdomen once occupied. The alien looked at Nolan expectantly, ivory eyes gleaming at the sight of a genuine challenge.

"This isn't a freaking ga-" He started, bringing his fists up.

"I beg to differ." Came the pre-emptive response as the alien jabbed at the marine, moving as if its hands themselves were swords.

Nolan grabbed the incoming appendage, then yelped as his own arm was chopped at with the Sangheili's other free hand, forcing him to release his newfound prize.

He paused to regain his breath and glared at his opponent nonchalantly standing in the exact same position as when they started. The other dropped into a defensive stance that screamed _come at me_. And so Nolan did.

The marine sprinted the few feet separating the two combatants and let loose a barrage of blows, fists impacting the forearms of the Elite fighter every punch until it made to grasp his assailing hands in a clumsy imitation of what Nolan attempted at the onset of the fight. Seeing the opportunity, the marine instead grabbed the outstretching arms of the alien and swiftly yanked up with all his strength.

Before it could react to the private's counterattack, the Sangheili's strangely light body sailed over Nolan's shoulders, landing with a loud thud on the tightly packed dirt behind him. He turned to look at the fallen adversary, panting from the expenditure of energy that last movement had cost him.

As he caught his breath, the private planted his foot on the crimson

chestplate of the Elite and leaned down as far as he could towards its face, drawing his pistol.

The sidearm linked to his miraculously still-intact helmet as he brought it within range of the HUD's wireless information receiver, the readout anxiously reporting an incredible six rounds left in the clip. Grinning at his unexpected fortune, Nolan brought the weapon to bear on the space between the two eyes intently staring up at him, full of ire.

"Score one for humanity, bastard."

End
file.